

## ALL THE POLICE MOVED OUT

WHEN SHAGNESSY WENT INTO THE STATION HOUSE.

He had an aggravated case of smallpox. The officers transacted their business on the sidewalk and the growler gang in the District. Heavily armed.

One man vanquished the entire police force of Long Island yesterday. His name is James Shagnessy. He is 25 years old and lives at 127 Vernon avenue. He took possession of the Hunter Point station house early in the morning, armed with the small-pox, and held it until between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening.

The day force transacted business on the sidewalk and the night force reported for duty and were apprised of the situation. They refused to enter the building. The sergeant established his desk on the sidewalk and the night patrol were sent out from the station. The reserves, who usually sleep in the station house, stung themselves along on the sidewalk, each equipped with a gun. They filled the air with clouds of smoke, but that was nothing to the fumes of sulphur and other stuff that filled the station house.

Passing pedestrians were eyed with suspicion by the crowd of silent smokers, who every unsuspecter aroused a feeling of apprehension. The crowd, which was led by Thomas Darcy, who is acting as captain during the absence of Capt. Wood, ordered the night patrol to forego making the ordinary arrests, as they had no place to put them. The crowd, which was led by Thomas Darcy, who is acting as captain during the absence of Capt. Wood, ordered the night patrol to forego making the ordinary arrests, as they had no place to put them.

The surprise was mutual. Shagnessy looked scared, as did the crowd. The doctor has his office in his house, and he thought of his family, which he had to remain out of his own condition. The doctor was in a quandary as to what to do with the patient. He couldn't keep him in the house nor could he turn him loose without endangering the health of the community.

Finally he took a way out into the vestibule and sent the servant girl to the police station, about three blocks away, for a policeman, who he hoped would remain out in front of the house.

Send a policeman to Dr. Kennedy's office, quick," gasped the girl to Sergeant Buschman, as she rushed into the police station. She was gone in a moment, and the sergeant, after a moment's reflection, thought that some one was being murdered on Fifth street, hurried to the scene. He found Dr. Kennedy's office without waiting for further details. Other policemen were hastily summoned to assist him.

The policeman reached Dr. Kennedy's residence on a double quick, but instead of a howling mob of rioters, he found a quiet scene. The doctor and the doctor's nurse were sitting on the sofa, and the doctor was talking to a man who was standing in the doorway. The doctor was talking to a man who was standing in the doorway.

"What's the charge?" inquired the sergeant. "Small-pox," yelled McNaught, as Shagnessy roared, but instead of a charge through the door. The bell you see," ejaculated the sergeant, kicking over a chair and pointing to the back room. The whole force followed.

Then, not knowing what else to do, the sergeant threw open the door and ordered Shagnessy to get in and lock himself up. The growler gang, who were waiting outside, were ordered to get in and lock themselves up. They were ordered to get in and lock themselves up.

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## THE RACING BUSINESS

The Various Channels Through Which Money Changes Hands.

The returns made to the race tracks are well-nigh fabulous. Say that one finds 100,000 makers on a course on a race day. Each one pays \$100 a day for his privilege. In addition to this the racing association which owns the track gets 5 per cent. commission on every ticket sold. It also gets the profit on the sale of the program at 10 cents each, which is a big item when 15,000 of 20,000 people are present. The bar and eating privileges are sold at high figures, and from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a season is paid in by the Western Union Telegraph Company for its privilege. Racing is to the telegraph company its greatest source of income.

This can readily be comprehended when it is known that an enormous quantity of telegraphic material is sent off from the tracks to the pool rooms and elsewhere all over the country. Despatches are flowing over the wires in a continuous stream, reporting each race at all stages of its progress from start to finish, and this is only a part of the electric traffic that is sent out from the tracks.

The expenses of a bookmaker are not active practice are great. To begin with, he has been for his privilege. He is obliged to employ a number of clerks to take care of the bets, and to register each bet made in duplicate, while the other writes the tickets. This kind of work requires a great deal of attention, and the bookmaker must have a cashier at \$15 a day, who has charge of the money box. Ordinarily he divides the price of his bets, but of course he can charge somebody for that job. The bookmaker's expenses are not active practice are great. To begin with, he has been for his privilege. He is obliged to employ a number of clerks to take care of the bets, and to register each bet made in duplicate, while the other writes the tickets.

Notwithstanding these big expenses, it is obvious that the bookmaker is a very profitable man. He is able to make a good deal of money, and he is able to make a good deal of money. He is able to make a good deal of money, and he is able to make a good deal of money.

Only within the last decade has this kind of "sport" assumed importance as a business. It was not until about 1890 that the bookmaker became a recognized profession. Before that time, the bookmaker was a man of the street, and he was a man of the street. He was a man of the street, and he was a man of the street.

At that time the only racing ground in the North was at Saratoga, and the bookmaker was a man of the street. He was a man of the street, and he was a man of the street. He was a man of the street, and he was a man of the street.

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## POKE WAS NOT AT HOME.

The Bears Were, However, for a Time—Then Something Happened.

SIMMONS'S CREEK, N. C., Oct. 13.—Pole Dillom came down from his hunting lodge on Big Smoky Mountain yesterday to solicit the help of Jack Bell and the other Crockett at the raising and horse building. Last Tuesday Pole had as comfortably arranged a log shake-down as anybody in this section, but today he is homeless and homeless, all owing to the curiosity of a lot of bears and Poles' unappreciated hostility. It happened this way. On Tuesday, Curly, the oldest Crockett, was hunting grounds there has been and is yet a great many bears. Pole has wiped out numbers of them, and has sold more pelts and "bar's lie" than any hunter in that part of North Carolina, but they are still too numerous to permit the raising of sheep and hogs to be a profitable business.

Pole started out Tuesday morning with his dog Pepper to the settlement, and as usual, left the door of his shanty open. Some time after he left, and just as though they had been on the watch, four of the biggest bears in the mountains suddenly walked into the cabin. A bunch of venison hanging against the wall was pulled down and chewed up. It was barely enough for a light lunch, but that was all the bears could find, and they got out of humor with Pole over his thoughtlessness in not providing for his guests. One big bear jerked the door of the shanty open, and another knocked the panes of glass out of the only sash in the shanty, and the other just went in for anything that came handy, and out of the inside of the shanty looked as if it had been the victim of a cyclone. The amount of damage they inflicted did not appear to Pole, but he did not like the way they set in to work. The bears, the oldest Crockett, was hunting grounds there has been and is yet a great many bears. Pole has wiped out numbers of them, and has sold more pelts and "bar's lie" than any hunter in that part of North Carolina, but they are still too numerous to permit the raising of sheep and hogs to be a profitable business.

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## A GRAND THREE-YEAR-OLD.

DIRECTOR, BY DIR. CLOP, THOS TWO CLOP, IN 1913-14 AND 1913-15.

This is the three-year-old colt, a son of the late Dir. CLOP, who was a grand three-year-old. He was a grand three-year-old, and he was a grand three-year-old. He was a grand three-year-old, and he was a grand three-year-old.

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## Gorham Solid Silver.

The Gorham Trade Mark on solid silverware consists of three small Shields in succession: the device on the first being a lion, on the second an anchor, on the third the cipher or initial letter "G," and underneath the word "Sterling."

For almost half a century this mark has been used by the Company, and during that time not a single piece has been known to leave the manufactory which was not fully up to the English Standard, that of "Sterling" 925-1000 fine.

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## OPENED A GREEN GOODS SHOP.

The Outside Business of a Young Clerk of the American Express Company.

For nearly three years Charles Brumher, a young man who might have cast his first vote at the coming election, has been employed in the money order department of the American Express Company. He went to work at a salary of \$25 a month and was recently promoted to \$40. His duties consisted in filling in their order the cancelled express money orders.

Yesterday noon he asked Mr. Cushing, manager of the department, for permission to go to lunch half an hour earlier than usual. It was granted. This was the last of him. About fifteen minutes after he had gone to his room, Mr. Cushing called him to the Post Office. A young man stood at the window, and he was the last of him. He was the last of him, and he was the last of him.

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